She led poor Tom a merry dance, And, I regret to tell, Just when he thought he'd won the prize She went off with a swell.

She said that "Tom was not high-heed," (His hessel was high, I think;) Poor Tom was Muzart-broken, and He weakly took to drink.

Alas' he took the downward scale, He coased to meet his scare; His notes protested, he became More bass than e'er before.

He turned a best at last solo. He thought of manght but gin; He could not play the high-toned bars. So played the violin. At last, diagneted with the world, And inharmonious strife, He west off in an aria, and A chard wound up his life.

Utterances of Famous Men.

"It looks like rain."—Plato.
"Pass the butter."—Horace Greeley.
"Cold day, ain't it?"—Martin Luther.
"You can stop my paper."—Napoleon Been
"My heart achies fit to split."—George "Is this hot enough for you !"-Cardinal Riche

lies. "Here's another button off this shirt."—Duniel Webster.
"Send me up two pounds of steak."—Thomas

"You insult me, air; you insult me," retired in high dudgeon.

When Hamlin was a candidate for Senator this man was a member of the State Senate. Hamlin's friends numbered twelve, and those opposed to him thirteen, counting this man, who, though he belonged to the same party as Hamlin, steadily refused to vote for him, and the other man was elected.

A Tough Schoolmaster.

The old man approached the new schoolmaster with a bull-dog glare in his eye. "You got after my boy yesterday because he left a live hornet glued to your chair?" "I did." "You licked him so he thought the world was coming to an end?" "That was the impression I intended to convey to him." "I'm his father, and I've come to let you know what I think of your proceedings." Then they clinched. Hair and blood flew in the air, likewise dust and fragments of garments. Then it quieted down a little, and the old man implored him to let him up, stop choking and take his teeth from thatear. "What do you think about my warming your boy?" choking and take his teeth from thatear. "What do you think about my warming your boy?" asked the teacher. "I think you did just right, and when I go home I'll give him a tanning that'll teach him to come to me with his complaints, and stories that the schoolmaster can't fight." They parted, and the schoolmaster murmured, "I did right to tackle the son of the worst fighting man in the district first. None of the others will poster me."—Boston Post.

MASCULINE DESCRIPTION OF A BONNET.-The MASCULINE DESCRIPTION OF A BONNET.—The new spring style in bonnets is just too sweet for anything. It is made out of delicate in texture and of a rather lightish color, kind of cut away on the sides and rolled back on the top and scooped out underneath, and trimmed with some sort of ribbon stuff that looks nice and some kind of other sort of material that is handsome, and it is all fixed on in that kind of a way which looks so much like something that we can't remember, and the whole effect is very exquisite, reminding

Why does your wife's new spring bonnet re-semble a snipe! You are silent. We will aid you. "Tis nearly all bill. THEY are still on the hunt for oleomargarin Tallow, ho!-Hartford Journal.

for the farmer.

The Blackberry.

It is hoped that the few statements which I made in your columns concerning the medicinal excellence and the table lurury of the blackberry will awaken in some an inquiry as to its culture. The following is not assumed as all that might be said on this subject, or as entirely new to many, but as the essential things for the cultivation of this fruit:

1. Let the soil be good corn ground, so located as to be protected from the rudghest winds of winter to prevent breaking down of vines.

2. Plant the rows seven feet apart, and the plants of roots should be placed three feet apart in the row.

3. Take care of them as you would of anything of a fence where they would be encroached upon by grass and weeds. How them as eorn, and they will produce a crop three times the value of corn.

they will produce a crop three times the value ercorn.

4. Top them in season. That is, when the young cames have grown four feet high, ent or pinch the tender top off. Do not wait until one or two feet must be clipped, for all that is cut off is so much loss from the root. Save that for the laterals or bunches which will grow out of the came as soon as topped, if done in season.

5. Cut away the old cames in the spring, or in autumn, they fertilize the ground with leaves and support the young cames in winter winds. They need no stakes, if cut back, or topped properly, unless they are of a kind too weakly wooded.

6. Let no more than three cames grow in a hill.

wooded.
6. Let no more than three cames grow in a hill, and two cames are better than three. After you have a full supply of cames producing, let no more grow. With a sharp hoe cut them down as fast as they come up, and thus you'll throw all the nourishment from the roots into their fruit

the nourishment from the roots into their fruit cames.

7. If you plant a field, or a single row, let the branches in the row meet each other. The fruit needs the amount of foliage thus obtained. In other words, do not cultivate them in hills, for the sake of cross cultivation. Use the cultivator freely between the rows, seven feet apart.

8. Before planting a field of blackberries be sure of a near and ready market; and of an ample supply of ready pickers.

9. You can not buy blackberries, so luxurious and healthy in the market as you can have them in your field or garden, for fruit fully ripe is sel-dom marketable.

"Send me up two pounds of steak."—Thomas deferen.

"These potatoes ain't more than half done."—Socrates.

"You are fuller than you were before dinner."—Cosfacias.

"Call around next week, and I'll pay it."—Edgar Allas Pot.

"Can't you keep your cold feet out of my back!"—Brigham Young.

"You needn't sit up for me, I shan't be home till late."—Thomas J. Kenpis.

"Can't you lend me five dollars till next Monday!"—John Honard Payne.

"I suppose I've got to go out and shovel off that sidewalk."—Charles Samaer.

Hannibal Hamlin failed of an election, the first time he was a candidate for United States Senator, in consequence of a practical joke he ome played. Some years before he was a candidate he was speaker of the Maine Assembly. In that body was a gentleman of great fastidousness as to dress and personnl appearance. His hair was growing thin on top, but he carefully plastered it down with bandolines and cosmeties. One day "Blank, old fellow, I just wanted to tell you that you've got one of your hairs crossed above the other on top."

The man looked dared for sa instant, and then saying:

"You insult me, sir; you insult me," retired in high dudgeon.

When Hamlin was a candidate for Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man was a member of the State Senator this man, who, shough he belonged to the same party as a Hamlin,

schoolers, or other venices, in the long pourney from the East to the West, and the contents thrown away when the travellers got to their destination, or when they wanted new straw on which to sleep. More Canada thistles have been brought to the West in the straw used to tie up fruit trees and in the packing about furniture and crockery-ware than in any other way. This straw is often employed for mulching fruit trees, for bedding horses and tyring up vines. In either of these ways it is in a good situation to leave the thistle seed it contains where it will germinate. A large amount of thistle seed, first and last, has been sent to the West in samples of seed grain, especially outs, that have been sent out by the National Department of Agriculture. Some have also been brought in ears that have been used for carrying cattle in the East. With so many ways of introducing Canada thistles it appears strange that they are not more numerous than they are.

Blue Grass Pasture.

Blue Grass Pasture.

There is a general objection to allowing grass to become over a few inches high in pastures, as it will become tough and not relished by stock. Such is not the case with blue grass, except in May and June, when it goes to seed. For fall and winter pasture the taller the grass the tenderer it is. And the way blue grass is generally treated is the greatest reason why it is unpopular with many grazers. Blue grass must never be eaten off close as it is the custom with other grasses. It should be so managed by the owner that it will always have a heavy coat on the ground. Where the grass is short the sun strikes the ground, parches the soil, or dries up the roots of the grass, and growth ceases. Rains have but little effect, as the hot suns soon drink up the dampness, and in one day the same place

where we are for first quickly part which place that and went right and in the band. See the manufacture of the part of the pa

Some one said that the superphosphate of lime was sure death to encumber bugs. A man tried it, and found it worked like a charm. After putting it on neither bug nor plant has been seen since-all burned up in two hours.

It is poor practice to half manure, half plow, half seed and half cultivate a field, and then harvest from it less than half a crop.

Our Scrap Book. Ascful and Curious.

THE HEART OF THE WAR. Peace in the clover scential air, And stars within the done; And underneath in dim repose, A plain, New England home. Within, a nurman of low tunes, And sighs from hearts oppressed, Merging in prayer, at last, that brings The balm of allent rest.

I've chosed a hard day's work. Marty— The evening chorte are done; And you are weary with the house. And with the little one. But he is sleeping sweetly now. With all our pretty broad; So, comes and alt upon my knee, And it will do not good.

Oh. Marty! I must tell you all.
The trouble to my heart.
And you must do the best you can.
To take god bear your part.
You're seen the shadow on my face.
You're seen the shadow on my face.
You we felt it, day and night.
For it has filled our little home.
And bunished all its light. I did not mean it should be so; And yet. I suight have known. That hearths which live as chose as ones. Can never keep their own. But we are fallon on cett times. And, do whate or I may. My heart grown and about the war, And sadder every day.

I think about it when I work,
And when I try to rest,
And are re more than when your head
is pallowed on my terast;
For then I see the camp fires blaze,
And sleeping men around.
Who turn their faces toward their homes,
And dream upon the ground.

I think about the dear, brave boys, My makes in other years, Who pine for home and those they love. Till I am globbed with tears. With shouls and cheers they marched awa On glory's shining track; But al! how long how long they stay! How few of them come back! One sleeps beside the Tennessee, And one beside the James. And one beside the James. And one fought on a gallant skip, And perished in its fiamon; And some struck down by fell disease, Are breathing out their life; And others, mained by cruel wounds, illawe left the doubly strike.

Ah, Marty! Marty, only think Of all the buys larve done And suffered in this weary war! Brave heroes, every one! Oh! often, often, in the night, I hear their vaices call! General and kefp us. Is it right. That we should bear it all!"

And when I kneel and try to pray, My thoughts are never free.
But cling to those who toil and fight
And die for you niel me.
And when I pay for victory.
If accuse almost a sin
To foit my hands, and ask for what
I will not brip to win.

Oh! do not cling to me and cry,
For it will break my heart;
I'm sure you'd rather have me die.
Than not to bear my part.
You think that some should stay at home,
To care for those away;
But still I'm helpiess to decide
If I should go or stay.

For, Marty, all the soldiers love, And all are loved again; And I am loved, and love, perhaps, No mure than sther men. I cannot tell—I do not know— Which way my duty lies. Or where the Lord would have me build My fire of sacrifice.

I feel—I know—I am not mean;
And, though I seem to boast.
Fin sure that I would give my life
To those who need it most.
Perhaps the spirit will reveal
That which is fair and right.
Sa, Marty, let us humbly kneed.
And pray to Heaven for light.

Peace in the clover semited air, And stars within the done; And undermeath, in dim repose, A plain, New England home. Within, a widow in her wesds, From whom all joy is flown, Who kneeds among her sleeping labes, And weeps and prays alone: FORTY YEARS AGO.

William Henry Harrison—Personal and Po-litical Recollections—The Beath of Presi-dent Harrison—The Action of the Cabinet— Journey of Fletcher Webster—His Vinit to Vice-President Tyler—The Journey—News in Rosion—Fauculi Hall—The Oration by Ru-fus Chonte—Its Effect.

THE DEATH OF BARRISON. THE DEATH OF HARRISON.

It appears by the card written by the five attending physicians on the morning of April 4, 1841, and which was officially promulgated by Mr. Webster, Secretary of State, that General Harrison was first seized with a chill and other symptoms of fever on the 27th of March. The next day with pneumonia, with congestion of the liver and derangement of the stomach and bowels. The age of the President and the immediate prostration forbade a resort to general blood-letting. He never rallied, and he died at half-past one on the morning of the 4th of April. His mind wandered for a day or two before he died. The last coherent words which he spoke, as heard by Dr. 'orthington, were: Sir, I risk you to understand the true principles of generament. I wish them carried out. I ask no more." The Doctor said he supposed General Harrison thought he was addressing his successor, Mr. Tyler, when he uttered these memorable words.

Immediately after the decease, Mr. Welster drew up a letter addressed to John Tyler, Vice-President of the United States, who was then at announcement of the death, and was signed by all the Calinet officers. Fletcher Webster, who was not officers of the Senate.

The journey of Mr. Fletcher Webster to the residence of Mr. Tyler, at Williamsburg, Virginia, was then regarded as an event of every extraordinary celerity. He left Washington at two celeck on Sunday norming, April 4, and arrived at 50 clock to Monday merring, and whence he rode on horse-back to Williamsburg, where Mr. Tyler and his family lived at 10 o'clock the same night for Jamestown, where he arrived at 50 clock on Monday merring, and whence he rode on horse-back to Williamsburg, where Mr. Tyler and his family lived, to recover from the disease by which he had been attacked Mr. Tyler was ready in three locks and the work of the many arrived at 10 o'clock that evening they reached literature of the meys, as letters from Richmond, written by medical men, had informed him that a man of General Harrison's age was not likely to recover from the disease by which he had been attacked Mr. Tyler was ready in three heads of the control of the control of the capital, at which place they arrived at 5 o'clock that evening they reached Richmond, and proceeded immediately in the mail train to the capital, at which place they arrived at 5 o'clock the next morning. Mr. Webster had travelled four hundred and eighty miles in forty-seven hours, a feat which, in thos days, was considered marvelous.

Harrison's proceeded immediately in the mail train to the capital, at which place they arrived. At 5 o'clock the next morning. Mr. Webster had travelled four hundred and eighty miles in forty-seven hours, a feat which, in those days, was considered marvelous.

Harrison's proceeded immediately in the mail train to the capital, at which place they arrived at 5 o'clock the next morning. Mr. Webster had travelled four hundred and eighty miles in forty-seven hours, a feat which is all fixed on in that kind of a way which looks so much like something that we can't remember, and the whole effect is very exquisite, reminding ms of a most beautiful something or other whose name we can't just at present call to mind.—

Rociland (Mc.) Courier.

Life in Tennessee.—It is related that one handred and fifty Tennessee clergymen recently prayed for rain, and it was followed by a forting of the dryest season ever known in that State. The circumstance caused considerable excitement until a Chattaneoga man dropped into a country groscopy with the echanic property with the echanic property with the echanic property with the experiment of the dryest season ever known in that State. The circumstance caused considerable excitement until a Chattaneoga man dropped into a country groscopy with the echanic property with the experiment of the dryest season ever known in that State. The circumstance caused considerable excitement until a Chattaneoga man dropped into a country groscopy with the experiment of the dryest season ever known in that State. The circumstance caused considerable excitement until a Chattaneoga man dropped into a country groscopy with the experiment of the dryest season ever known in that State. The circumstance caused considerable excitement until a Chattaneoga man dropped into a country groscopy with the experiment of the dryest season ever known in that State. The circumstance caused considerable excitement until a Chattaneoga man dropped into a country groscopy with the experiment of the dryest season ever known in that State. The circumstance caused considerable excitement until a Chattaneoga man dropped into a country groscopy with the experiment of the dryest season ever known in that state. The circumstance caused considerable excitement until a Chattaneoga man dropped into a country groscopy with the experiment of the dryest season ever known in that the same for the circumstance of the country of the same process of the same for the circumstance of the circumstance of the circ VICE-PRESIDENT TYLER NOTIFIED

A THOROUGH-PACED antiquarian not only remembers what all other people have thought proper to forget, but he also forgets what all other people think it proper to remember.—Colton. EXCLUSIVELY of the abstract sciences the largest and worthiest portion of our knowledge consists of aphorisms, and the greatest and best of men is but an aphorism.—Coloridge.

FLOUR will extinguish the flames of burning As soon as it becomes generally understood that coal oil is dangerous, this discovery may prove of great service.

Currants, and How to Use Them.

A lady says, "How shall I use up my bountiful crop of currants this year?" I believe it is not generally known among farmers' wives that there are so many ways of using this wholesome fruit.

there are so many ways of using this wholesoms fruit.

One of the best is to take green currants, green gooseberries, and pie plant—the latter to be prepared as for pies—put them in a large earthen dish, scatter sugar over them plentifully, set them into the oven, and when the mass begins to cook, stir gently until they are sweetened through. They are then ready to can. Let this be done very nicely in glass cams with glass covers. In early spring then you will have something just right to make pies of.

They are so wholesome when red ripe that they should come to our tables three times a day. Ear them with as little sngar as you can. There is no better corrective for the stomach than the pleasant acid of the ripe currant. But don't earthem with cream and sugar. If you wonder why, I would advise you to prepare a dessert dish of them, mash them up with cream and sugar, and then set the dish away for twelve hours in a place of the same temperature of warmth as would be your stomach. That will tell you why.

To make jelly, currants should not be overripe; if they are the jelly will not form readily. After it is made, if by any mischance it is not firm, set in the sunshine a day or two, being careful to remove before the dew falls in the evening. Cover it with bits of window glass to keep out the dust and insects. This is preferable to boiling down, for that makes it dark colored and strong.

An excellent article of jam can be made by

ing down, for that makes it dark colored and strong.

An excellent article of jam can be made by adding a piat of sugar to every pint of crushed fruit. It must be cooked long and slowly, and very carefully.

Cherries and raspberries, and particularly the latter, are very fine made into a jam with currants; one-third carrants to two parts rapberries. It is a good plan to can a quantity of ripe currants, juice and all. Then, in the season of elderberries and blackberries, the housewife can experiment and make wonderful nice jams and marmalades, and sauces for tarts. And in the winter she will find a quart can of currants is just the thing when she is making mince pies for the holidays.

If this fruit is abundant and one's family likes jelly, and the glasses and cups are all full, it is

If this fruit is abundant and one's family likes jelly, and the glasses and cups are all full, it is a good plan to put away in large glas cans a quantity of the juice. It can be made into jelly at one's leisure, and any time during the year.

Dried apple pies have fallen into disrepute everywhere, but really there is no better pies made than that of dried apple sance, to which has been added one part of currant juice, provided the apples were good, and carefully dried. Season them with nutneg or lemon, and before the upper ernst is laid on, drop over the pie a few bits of butter. usewife will remember that during the

season of ripe currents all rinsing and little drift of juice must go directly to the vinegar barre. This is the time in which to replenish it withou any trouble or expense, or extra preparation.

How to Prevent Sunstroke. The Sanitary Committee, in order to furnish information to provide against attacks of sun-stroke, has issued the following circular, which the Bosrd of Health fully approves:
"Health Department, No. 301 Mott Street the Bosrd of Health fully approves:

"HEALTH DEPARTMENT, No. 30I MOTT STREET,
NEW YORK.—Sunstroke is caused by excessive
heat, and especially if the weather is 'muggy.'
It is more apt to occur on the second, third, or
fourth day of a heated term than on the first,
Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleepingrooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose
to it. It is more apt to attack those working in
the sun, and especially between the hours of II
o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as
cool sleeping-rooms as possible. Avoid loss of
sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working
indoors, and where there is artificial heat,—lanndries, etc.,—see that the room is well ventilated.
If working in the sun, wear a light hat, (not black,
as it absorbs heat,) straw, etc., and put inside of
it, on the head, a wet cloth or a large green leaf,
frequently lift the hat from the head and see
that the cloth is wet. Do not check the prespiration, but drink what water you need to keep
it up, as prespiration prevents the body from
being overheated. Have, whenever possible, an
additional shade, as a thin unbrella when walking, a canvas or board cover when working in
the sun.

"When much fatigued do not go to work, but

ing, a canvas or board cover when working in the sun.

"When much fatigued do not go to work, but be excused, especially after 11 o'clock in the morning on very hot days, if the work as in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache, or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately; lie down in a shady and cool place; apply cold cloths to and pour cold water over the head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat, send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician, give the person cool drinks of water, or cold black tea or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with or pour cold water over the coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with or poor cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand, keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint, and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonsful of water, with a little sugar."

"By order of the Board.

"C. F. Chandler, Prest."

Antidote for Rattlesnake Bites.

Dr. J. H. Johnson, of Centre Point, Kerr Coun-

Select Loctry.

They give nev

organi, or who re

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and KIDNETS at the same time.

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY D'SEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS,

FI H acts with speel efficiency to either form.
OUT IT ATTHE DEUDGISTS. PEICE, \$1.00
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THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a distributed of the state o

of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Toute Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price is cents. In Hurray Mt., N.Y.

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AND STOVE DEALERS. SEND FOR PRICE LISTS. J. B. BYERS,

PROUS DEBILITY

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Hool

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD. BY COLONEL THRODOGE O'HARA, OF EXPICET. The muffied drum's and roll has bent The soldier's last tattoe! No more on life's parade shall meet The brave and fallen few. On fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread. And glovy guards, with soleans round, The biviouse of the dend.

No rumor of the foe's advance.
Now swells upon the wind.
Now swells upon the wind.
Nor trushled thought at midnight humts
of laved once left behind.
No vision of the morrow's strife.
The warrior's drawn slarms;
No braying born, no excessing fife,
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their abivered awards are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty beamer, trailed in diast,
Is now their marrial-shroud;
And plendenous funeral tears have wished
The red stafe from each brow
And the prount forms by battle gashed,
Are free from auguish now.

The neighing treep, the flashing libde. The bugie's strring blast. The charge, the dreadint cannomale, The din and short are passed. Ne War's will notes, no Glory's peal, Shall thrill with fierce delight, Like the flore. Northern hurricane
That is we pe har great platean.
Plante with the great platean.
Came down the serviced for.
Who board the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath.
Knew well the watch word of that day
Was, "Victory as Death!"

. . . . . . Thus neath their parent turf they rest, Far from the gary field, Burne to a dipartan mother's hierast On many a bloody shield. The sumshine of their native sky Smiles sadly on them here, And k indred eyes and hearts watch by The here's sepulchre.

Rest on, enbalued and sainted dead? Dear is the blood you gave:
No impious footsteps here shall tread. The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glavy be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot.
Where Valor proudly sleeps. You marble minstryl's voiceful stone, Its doubtless song shall tell. When many a vanished year bath theen. The story how you fell; Nor tweek, nor clampe, nor Winter's blight, Nor Time's removedness doom. Can dim one ray of holy light. That gilds your glorious tumb.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY. BT C. C. PESCH.

Whence the field of the inland river.
Whence the fleets of tron have field.
Where the blades of the new grass quiver.
Asleep where ranks of the dead.
Under the set and the few.
Westing the judgment day.
Under the set and the fire.
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gisom of defeat,
All with the lattle-blood gary,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the laured the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray. From the silence of sorrowful hours. The dessiate mourners go,

The desolate morrows go,
Levingly laden with flawers,
Alike for the friend and the fee.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the rose the like,
Under the likes the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The meeting sun-rays fall.
With a touch inspartfally tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sold and the dew.
Waiting the judgment day.
Broidersel with gold the Bloom
Mellowed with gold the Gray

So, when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal number falleth
The cooling drip of the rain,
Under the sol and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Wet with the rain the litus,
Wet with the rain the litus,

Sadly, but not upbraidingly.
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading.
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dow,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the blossoms the filter,
Under the garland the Gray. No more shall the war-cry sever, Or the winding river be red; They hasiah our anger forerer, When they laurel the graves of our dead. Under the sol and the dew, Waiting the judgment day, Love and tears for the libre, Tears and love for the Gray.

THE OLD CORPORAL.

The BESTOFALL With shouldered arms and cheerful face, Forward, my contrades, march away; I have my pipe and your embrace: Step out.—I've my discharge today. Twas wrong to be a soldier still. When in the service old I'm grown; But you, the lads I taught your drill, Will miss my old familiar tone. Conscripts, keep step! keep step, I say! No tears for me—march, march away!

A boyish eneign, firsth from school,
Insulted me: I broke his head;
For that they fried me: Its the rule—
He's getting well—I die instaud.
With passion and with brandy nerved,
From him I could not keep my fist;
Besides, the 'Great Man' I have served—
No weeping, contrades, I insist,
Comeripte, keep step; keep step, I say;
No tears for me—march, march away! Conscripts? you'd scarcely change, like me, Arm or leg for a cross alone; . Mine was gained long ago, you see, In wars when Kings were evertherwin. For me you'd always pay the shot, When of our rights I need to talk; Glory, however, have I not?

Robert, my comrade, pray go back,
And shopherd larm, your service done
See how those frees cand sundows back;
But Spring is Spring at home alone.
Often for ne the rising day
Has given fresh channs to every wood;
They're mine no more. Come, march away,
My nother lives, but God is good!
Conscripts, keep step! keep step, I say!
No tests for me—march, march away!

Who is it there, that sols so hard!

Ah! "sis the drummer's wife, I know.
In Russis—one of the rear guard—
I have her buy through frest and snow.
Alike the father, child, and wife,
Without me, weeful be 'neath the sod;
She cannot give to me may life;
Let her commend my soul to God!
Conscripts, keep step! keep step, I say!
No tears for me—march, march away!

Morblen! my pipe is ent, I fear;
Not yet! So much the hetter, then;
Now to the square we're coming near;
Don't hind my eyes, I beg, my men.
I grieve, good friends, to bore you thus,
But most of all, don't fire too low!
My time has come—now, ne more fuse;
God keep you all!—to Heaven I go!
Conscripts, keep step! keep step, I say!
No tears for me—march, march away!

LEFT BEHIND. BY MARY CLERNER ANDS. Oh! hear the music coming, coming up the street; Oh! hear the musiced marching of swift outcoming feet; Oh! hear the choral drum best—the bugle piercing sweet

Our volunteers are coming! They've lived through every fray, Through marching, through fighting, through fever's crue To be mustered out of service, the gallant beys, to-day! Your taitered battle banner, unfurl it to the air! I'm seeking one beneath it—I'll know him, bronzed or fair Oh! glad returning faces, our darling is not there!

The trumpets clash exultant, the bayonets flash me blind, And still my eyes are seaking the one I cannot find; Oh! tell me true, his comtades, have you left our boy be-hind! Say, subliers, did you leave him upon the battle plain, Where dendish shell and canisfer pour ferve their flery pain? Did you leave him with the wounded for leave him with the slain?

Or, weary in the wasting camp, sore worn with sun and sear,
Did turn your faces to the north, to homes beloved afar,
And say, "Good bye, we go, but you enlisted for the war!" Re pitiful, oh! women, with pity softly kind! You class your war-worn veterans; there are mother eyes There are women broken-hearted for boys left behind. Can the here crush the woman, and cry: "Oh! let it be; Let arms and houses be empty, for thy sake, Liberty! Oh! generation, perish! The land shall yet be free!"

Often, in the midnight bandy,
I have prived that I might hear,
Heav the valve that I might hear,
Heav the valve that made are happy,
One that filled my noul with class;
I have heard it, and I know it,
It was no dream, that came in sleep;
For his face, I saw it plainly,
Through the shadows clear and deep.

wing, are thus beautifully expressed by Langfel

"A saldier of the Union mustered out,"

In the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt sea wave,
Nancies and dateless; neutitied or sout,
Shot down in shirmish or disastrons rout
Of battle, when the loos artiflery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And damed batalions storming the redunds!
Then unknown, here, sleeping by the sea,
In thy forgotten grave! With secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember then hast given for me
All that then hadde—thy name,
And I can give the nothing in return.

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Musing on days gone by,
And my heart grows and and weary,
Seeing all the loved ones die,
Ab! a shadow comes out but fainfly,
Falling on the din-hit wall.
This a shadow of my darling,
One that heard the angels call. Yes, I see him very plainly— Can it be my brain is wild? No dear nother. I am with you, I am still your darling child. Then the shadow grew norn dimly, But the vaice it still was there: Yes, the voice of darling Wille, He has heard my soud felt prayer.

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